

Do You Hear Me Complaining?

by Bad Apple

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Summary: Hairspray Amber contemplates her relationship with Link.

1. Amber

Link Larkin liked hairspray.

That was probably the understatement of the century, but it was true. He obsessed over the stuff. Link would spend every passing period in the bathroom, applying a new coat over his already perfect hair, when he should've been with me, his girlfriend.

I know that it's his job to look good: he's supposed to be that guy that all the girls want to date and all the guys want to be friends with. And a few of the guys probably want to date him, too, but I digress.

So it's his job to have flawless hair; I get it. I have to look perfect, too. Being Amber Von Tussle, I have to be beautiful, poised, and graceful. But I have to do it all in high heels. Do you hear me complaining?

No, you don't.

Do you hear me complaining when we're dancing together and he keeps staring at that ball of flab called Tracy Turnblad? No. Do you hear me complaining when Link and I are sprawled out on the couch, kissing until our lips are swollen, and he calls out Tracy's name?

No, you don't.

I just pretend it never happened. Because if we were to break upâ€|that must never happen. Everything I've done would have been for nothing. I would be cast aside as 'Link Larkin's ex-girlfriend'. I wouldn't be a lead dancer anymore; I'd be forced to leap and twist in the back, behind Noreen and Doreen even. And worst of all, everyone

would know that I had lost him to Tracy Turnblad, the uber-freak fatty on The Corny Collins Show. I suppose you could call what she does dancing, although personally I think she looks like she's just hobbling around on her swollen feet. What did Link even see in her? What does she have that I don't have? Whatever he finds captivating about her, I don't know, but I am not getting dumped for Tracy Turnflab.

That wasn't going to happen. I was just going to have to keep Link on a short leash, is all. Stardom is more important than carnal desires.

No matter how much Corny Collins makes me weak in the knees.

But do you hear me complaining? No, you don't.

2. Link

****Car Ride****

I used to wish I could fly when I was a little kid. I'd have dreams of soaring above the city, feeling the breeze rush through my hair. I would be free from obligation, responsibility, which back in those days consisted of remembering to color in the lines, not around them, and to say 'please' and 'thank you' and 'you're welcome' and 'No, Mom, you don't look fat in that blouse'. This is an aspiration you give up on pretty quickly once you jump from the roof of your house, arms spread out ready to embrace the wind and all you embrace is the dirt.

A few years later, all I wanted to do was take the car around the block; it would only take about five minutes, at the most. Then I could soar through the city; feel the breeze rush through my hair. That's all I wanted, to be behind the wheel. I would be in control, no one else. Because, what could they do when I was in the driver's seat? Grab the wheel?

But I was too young. Too young, too young. That's what they'd always say. You're too young to do that, over my dead body, it's too dangerous. I never complained, just sat there in silence, listening to their lectures.

My mom, with her dark curly hair and pale skin, her blue eyes always watching, was, for ever and a day, careful. You know, she would say, if you don't watch yourself, you're gonna end up dead like your father. Dead, dead, dead like your father, buried in the ground, six feet under, the whole deal. She'd laugh, laugh, laugh hysterically, because it hurt too much to cry anymore.

Mom worked down at the salon where all the old ladies go. The old ladies, with their gossip and blue hair and wrinkles and their slippers—she was their favorite hairdresser because she knew how to curl, really curl hair, they would tell her. Not those damn June Cleaver curls, but real curls.

Dad used to ride around in his Ford—bright red like a lollipop. That thing was his little baby, his pride and joy. I sometimes think he loved that thing more than he loved his own son. He'd take me on rides around Baltimore on Saturday mornings, and I would stick my

head out of the car window like a little puppy dog, air rushing by so quickly it hurt to breathe. Dad would turn up the radio extra loud, onto Buddy Holly songs the way I loved it. We'd sing along real loud, busting our lungs, and annoying the hell out of all of Baltimore. I remember those days the most, more than anything, those Saturday mornings. After he died, there were no more car rides.

But do you hear me complaining?

â€|

By the way, this chapter was written by Obviously Insane, writer extraordinaire. :)

3. Seaweed

I hate The Corny Collins Show. I hate it, hate it, hate it. Before you call me some spoiled brat rattling off a tantrum, hear me out.

Corny, the person, is alright. I mean, he gave us a chance when no one else would. That counts for something. The thing that gets me, though, is how he insists on rehearsing for hours. Hours of prancing around like a bunch of uptight jerks. You think Velma Von Tussle, our 'choreographer' would actually let us dance the way we want? Bullshit. Everything is so sharp; there's no smoothness, no movement that makes sense.

Isn't that what dancing's all about? Moving, according to your feelings? Not according to some white-ass dance pattern. Not according to 'twist, twist, twist, twist, mashed potato, mamba'?

Amber's momma just doesn't agree with my philosophy.

I'm only doing the show to make Penny happy. She's everything to me, you know? I'd do anything to make her happy. And if I have to dance like Link Larkin, which believe me, is just not right, to make her happy? To provide her? Of course I do it.

I'm not gonna complain to her about it. First of all, she thinks I love it. Who am I to disappoint her? She thinks that I'm really bonding with Cracker Boy. I mean, don't get me wrong. Link's a pretty cool guy. Butâ€|he's a little too high-maintenance for me sometimes, you know? I mean, man, you don't need to be looking in the mirror every five seconds.

But I'm going off on a tangent.

Yeah, I know big words. All ya'll thought I didn't think I have an extensive vocabulary.

But do you hear me complaining?

No, you don't.

End
file.